

COLLEGE CHEER.

"WE KNOCK TO BOOST."

VOL. X.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1918.

NO. 9.

THE PRODIGAL LAW STUDENT

The C. L. S. Will Present a Four Act Drama
Sunday Night.

To-morrow night the students will be treated to a play of exceptional merit acted by C. L. S. members of exceptional skill. The play is of a much different type than has been staged by the C. L. S. before and it is pretty certain that it will be well received by the audience. The characters which follow surely make up an all star cast.

Frederick, a law student - - - - -	S. Ley
Mr. Martin, his father - - - - -	J. Hiller
Angelo, his brother - - - - -	S. Schmidt
Alfred, his friend - - - - -	T. Ryan
Tightfist, a Wall-Street Broker - - - - -	L. Vogt
Mr. Richards, a friend of Mr. Martin, J. Raycroft	
Prof. Allgood, teacher of Angelo - - - - -	F. Hermiller
General Watson, U. S. A. Commander of Zuaves	
- - - - -	F. Vonderhaar
Harry - - - - -	J. O'Brien
John - - - - -	F. Hunt
Foster - Friends of Frederick - - - - -	H. Striff
Eugene - - - - -	J. Raible
Phineas, a visitor from the Emerald Isle, J. Pickard	
Dr. Phuzby, a surgeon - - - - -	C. Goeckler
Admiral Ross U. S. N. - - - - -	G. Miller
Captain Henderson U. S. N. - - - - -	G. Esser
Jesse - - - - -	S. Deininger
Jake - - - - -	J. Hession
Bob - - - Attendants - - - - -	B. Lear
Spenser - - - - -	J. Conroy
Samuel - - - - -	C. Holsinger
1st Newsboy - - - - -	D. James
2nd Newsboy - - - - -	S. Kitchell
1st Sailor - - - - -	F. Westhoven
2nd Sailor - - - - -	J. Reichert

Baseball.

Baseball has again returned to St. Joe and it looks as if it might be a very popular student this spring. Get busy and let us get an early start; we have the money to spend for the games and all we want is the material. The tryouts will have plenty of opportunity to show what is in them in the way of repairing a diamond besides playing. There is room for a multitude of rakes, shovels, and pushers for the roller on the diamond so at least hand in your name for this kind of a tryout.

The Varsity will be an almost entirely new team this spring. There are only three men left from last year. So do not forget to hand in your name for a tryout if have any baseball in you. If you make the team you are a winner and if you do not you have shown us that you are willing to do all you can for the A. A.

Collegeville Again Visited by Contagious Disease. Small Pox and Measles Break out Among the Student Body.

On Saturday morning, February 16th, the entire student body assembled in the lower study hall and was informed by the Rector that several cases of small pox had been discovered and that the College would be under quarantine.

After a brief talk concerning the cases already discovered and the disease itself, he exhorted all to undergo vaccination. Dr. Gwin of Rensselaer followed the Rector and spoke briefly on vaccination and its results. After he had completed his talk, Dr. Kressler, Deputy Health Officer of Jasper County spoke briefly on the quarantine system of checking the disease. After this the meeting adjourned and for the rest of the day the doctors were busy vaccinating the students.

The most serious case to date was that of Bro. Fidelis, Assistant Prefect of the College. His was evidently the first case and though he has passed the crisis and is now out of danger will not probably be entirely well for several weeks.

Measles also broke out and several are now quarantined with that disease. All the cases are light, however, and the patients are doing very well.

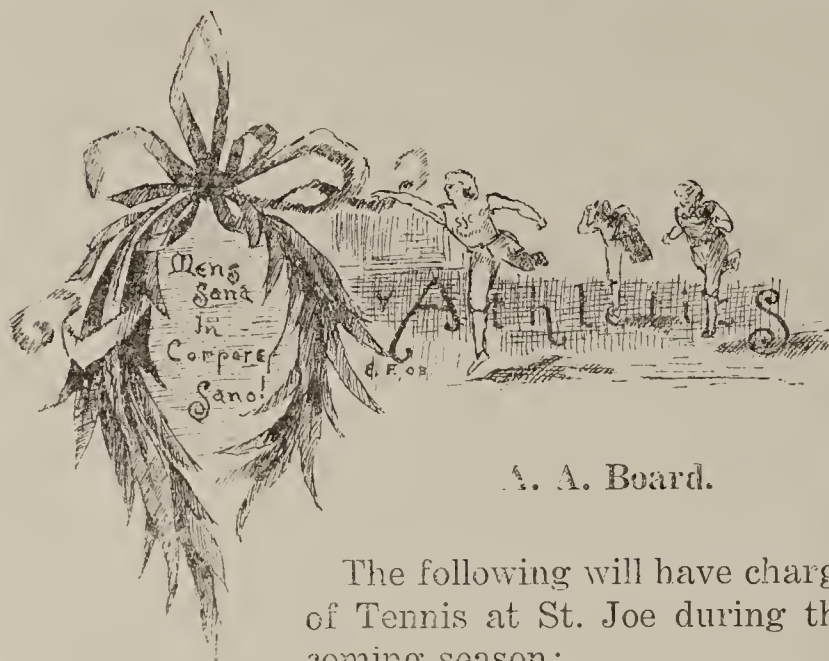
Basket ball was immediately discontinued in order to prevent every possible chance of the disease spreading. The Exmoors who were to play on the night the quarantine was declared, were wired of the conditions and, from all appearances at present, "Rep" games are at an end for this season.

St. Francis Hall.

Not that within thy folds I got a four
Not that my studies, seeming very few,
Oppressed me so my sighs in sleep I drew,
And thus escaping what I dreamed a bore
So I slept till my study hour was o'er.
Not that I loved from studies to be free
When in thy ranks should have been little me,
Faithful and patient, still expecting more.

But for thy training I mount higher rounds
Steadfast in character. You made me bold,
And seemingly I enter deeper grounds
Untrodden but by such a chosen fold
Who drop their levity before the mounds
Of soul-sincerity which they behold.

H. S. '18.



A. A. Board.

The following will have charge of Tennis at St. Joe during the coming season:

T. Flynn, Gen. Manager.
A. Snaeffler, Court B.
J. Williams, Court C.
J. Jobst, Court D.

Bernard Lear has been appointed by the Board to the office of Junior Baseball Manager.

Canceled Games.

The Small Pox not only caused indefinite postponement of all league games but also Varsity games. The Exmoor's were booked for Feb. 16 and the Dentals for Feb. 22.

There are still chances, however, for these games after the quarantine is lifted, and also for a game with the Y. A. C. and the State Normal.

The Turner Program. May 20.

We certainly have something to look forward to in May. There are the graduate exams, K. of C. initiation and the Turner program.

In the past few years the participants in the Turner programs certainly deserved our thanks; they have given us much more pleasure than any other organization in Collegeville. There is no reason to doubt that the next one will be the best by far for the younger participants have the experience of the older ones to fall back on and it is the opinion of the most of the students that the material is much better than ever before. The drilling and practising which the members of the squad do every day certainly brings results and at present there are many older students that wish they had taken it up at the proper time, that is, when it started.

Of course there are a few who knock the Turners but who are they? They are the same ones that knock everything else except themselves. They would knock themselves but they have come to the same conclusion that everybody else has, that it is not worth while. A good bit of the knocking is caused by jealousy, some are mad because they never started and the others because they quit.

Any one will admit that it is a little discouraging in the early spring when all the rest are out on the campus playing ball, but along in May it will be harder to get a fellow out there to play pass with you than it is to get him to study. So stick with it, Turners, for your turn to have the honors is fast approaching.

Patrolling a Dormitory.

It is 8:45 P. M. in the Senior Dormitory. Many rows of beds spotless in their clean spreads are lighted by one Mazda near the only entrance. To the left of this door on entering, the visitor will, at this time, discover the Argus-eyed watchman of the night.

A bell is sounded below followed immediately by the tramping of many feet upon the stairs. In less than five minutes the dormitory is filled with its quota of sleepy, worn-out students, but mischief lurks in the eyes of more than one. When the "silent watchman" thinks sufficient time has been given for disrobing, the dormitory, by the mere turn of a switch, is enveloped in impenetrable darkness. Invariably someone will then be heard uttering some exclamation or other pertaining to the hurry in which the lights were extinguished. This may cause a giggle, suppressed laugh or, maybe, a real laugh. In case of a real laugh, the attentive listener will hear a mysterious creak, creak, creak followed by a few more invectives of more or less length and then someone will be heard shuffling out of the dormitory in a rather angry manner. To the initiated, it will be evident, that this young man is on his way to the prefect.

For some time silence reigns supreme. Not a sound can be heard until suddenly, someone, finding himself in that part of Dreamland similar to the backwoods of Canada, leaves out a snort of considerable length and magnitude to awaken those already sleeping, and then, as though aided by this mighty impetus, begins peacefully the task of sawing through a ten foot log. Immediately some one will be heard to say, "Get that guy" followed by a thump caused by the rather sudden contact of the head of the musician upon a pillow from above. Almost miraculously, the snoring ceases and once again the dormitory is quiet. Then a bell is heard ringing in the distance; dang, dang, dang and so on for ten consecutive times. By this the student still awake, knows that the mighty clock of the Jasper County court house thinks it time he were in Slumberland and so with a mighty effort and an awful sigh the dormitory is again at peace.

— Emanon '18.

He Hadn't Oughta Done It!

Murphy poisoned Grammy's tea;
Grammy died in agonee.
Papa was extremely vexed
And said to Bill, "Now what next?"

Smarty — What makes more noise than a pig under a fence?

Gordon — I don't know. Give up.

Smarty — Two pigs.

Make Room

Student from Ohio — Why did they make the hand of the statue of Liberty only eleven inches long?

Gaul — I don't know. Why?

Student from Ohio — Because if they made it twelve inches it would have been a foot.

(And still! Ohio is slow.)

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Address

EDITOR COLLEGE CHEER,
Collegeville, Indiana.

Saturday, March 9, 1918.

EDITORIALS.**Have You "Done Your Bit?"**

It has been stated many times that the "Cheer" is a student organization, but nevertheless you have forgotten this fact as is evident by the scarcity of material which is handed in for the press. If the "Cheer" is not satisfactory do not blame us, for we cannot help it. The staff alone cannot in a satisfactory way write enough pleasing articles. It is the students and not the individual who make the paper agreeable.

It is up to you to make these next issues successful. If you have any spare time, write what you think befitting and hand them to us. I am certain, then, that we shall be able to please all.

Think this over and try your ability in this work. I am sure when you have done this you can cheerfully say that you have done your bit towards making the "Cheer" in '17 and '18.

Fall in Line.

At the first of the year the "Cheer" offered rates to the students, but in spite of this favor some neglected the opportunity and paid the regular subscription price. Looking over our books we have discovered that some have not, as yet, paid their subscriptions.

Owing to our bills and current expenses we kindly ask those who have not paid to do so by Easter. If in the course of this time the list is not complete an extra fee may be added.

We expect that our subscribers will fall in line and by paying avoid further trouble.

Baseball.

Some time ago the United States was in a fever of excitement and expectancy over events that were then in progress. In our large cities men might have been seen eagerly snatching "extras" from the ready hands of newsboys. Here and there large crowds surged before bulletin boards

breathlessly watching figures appear thereon. Long lines of men waited all night before the gates of a park eager to give a large sum of hard earned money to get inside. What was the cause of all this commotion? Was it the war? Had men come suddenly to give more thought and energy to business? What were the events of such wide interest in the papers? War does not interest so intensely, and men do not so openly manifest their attachment to business. There can be but one solution to this problem. The world series baseball games were in progress. Why pay so much attention to these games? Because the best representatives of our clean national game were struggling for supremacy.

Baseball is the pastime of Uncle Sam. Whether professional or amateur the game furnishes a clean and healthful pleasure to fill up moments that otherwise might be spent without profit or even sinfully. One who looks into the crowded bleachers and beholds the excited and jolly crowds, made up of young and old of both sexes, that have for the time forgotten care and business, sees wisdom in Uncle Sam's choice of a sport. Every American knows baseball and few men will admit that they did not at some time play it. The young play and the old while watching, recall with delight memories of younger days. Professional baseball is for those who can play best and those who wish to see the game played to perfection. College baseball furnishes a safe and fair contest between rival schools and club baseball proves itself the game needed by all for exercise of body and rest of mind. There will be some found who will object to football, tennis, golf, basket ball and other sports because of the roughness or expense, but I have yet to meet the man or woman who objects to baseball.

It is needless to explain how the game is played or to state the rules that govern it as every American knows them to a greater or less extent and as in life, those that know best have the greatest success. To a greater extent than any other sport, baseball requires the use of every faculty of mind and body, thus performing perfectly the purpose of a sport by keeping one's attention for the time from the worry of duty. A good game will develop the senses and it is certain that baseball does sharpen the eye, build the muscle, create self-reliance, put life and speed into our stiff bones, and force us to think quickly and accurately. It is not like football or basket ball, a game of strength and weight, but it is the game in which men that work together and, principally, that think and act quickest, win.

Something I have often noticed after a game of baseball is the spirit in which the loser accepts defeat. Men's characters can be judged by their actions after a game in which they have been defeated. We have no use for a fellow who always condemns his fellow players, the umpire or anything else, but will give his opponents no credit for their superior playing. We admire the player who congratulates his opponents, sees the faults of his team, and strives to remedy them, but who puts no blame on anyone but himself. This is one of the many things baseball teaches, namely how to take defeat and how to sympathize with the defeated while glorying in victory.

(Continued on Page Eight.)

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C. L. S.

On Sunday morning the C. L. S. met for the first meeting since the quarantine. It was decided that the play "The Prodigal Law Student" should be presented on Sunday March the tenth. The Jubilee has been again indefinitely deferred. The matter of suitable colors to be chosen for the society was brought up due to the coming celebration. A motion, which carried, was made that a committee be appointed for the purpose. The committee consists of G. Miller, C. Goeckler, and G. Esser.

Spring and the Smoking Club.

King Winter has bade us a reluctant farewell after a rather cruel reign. Spring has seemingly arrived in all its glory, and with it the spirit of the average student surges within him. But, alas, for only a short space of time. Spring-fever and its consequences soon overrule his initial high spirits and the spell of Spring, which has caused more than one long-haired poet to seek the quiet of nature, reigns again supreme.

At one place especially in Collegeville Spring is welcomed with more than common cordiality. It is in the Smoking Club. From now on the Club room is deserted, the piano is silent, and all are assembled in the "Gossip Corner" or in other parts of the Raleigh Club Grove. No one can deny that the Club Grove is beautiful in spring and summer. It is one of the beauty spots of Collegeville. The beauties of nature, combined with the joys that the old "jimmy pipe" can give, surely must make the lot of the smoker of the R. J. S. C. a happy one. Let us, then, welcome Spring for the joys which it brings and let us hope that it will be kinder to us than Winter has just been.

Notes from the Science Hall.

Everything is getting smaller owing to the H. C. of material. This, however, does not apply to the perforation in the doughnut; it is still increasing as may be seen without the microscope. Our marks in conduct, application, discipline and manners are going up, but, alas! everything seems to go up but our class marks. Scarcity does not seem to apply to the number of exercises we must hand in, nor at least to the amount of red ink used.

We are all worrying so much that as we grow bald Schneider's work decreases. Even our spirits and courage rise and fall at stock market random. As an example of all these scientific equations, we scientists would like to present to the public the well known and chaotic example of Mr. Hermiller.

It is true, according to this formula he is "going up", by that scientific verbiage we mean in this rotund example, "getting larger" even unto his feet.

To counteract this action of course in nature there is a reaction, namely his sense is diminishing as may be distinguished by the cow-like innocence displayed between his eyes.

The Government has asked Mr. Howard of our Chemistry Department to aid in the Chemical Research Bureau, but he has refused, as he is at present engaged in washing test tubes.

Silvy Sulphide.

Sure!

I don't know nothin'
I don't owe nothin'
I don't own nothin'
I don't want nothin'
So I'm perfectly satisfied.

Mathews.

Flynn — Harry Shaffer isn't suffering as much from small pox as from a cold he's got.

Dunn — Why, has he got Pneumonia?

Flynn — No, he's so hoarse he can't talk.

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Once upon a time a man was born in Ancient Greece. His parents being of noble lineage, decided that their son would be the greatest man in the world. They wanted him to have a pedigree of about the same length as that which usually belongs to a Jersey cow that has been killed by a railroad. Having applied at the Information Bureau which was then known as the Delphian Oracle, they requested a name good enough for a man who knew more than the seven wise men of Greece, but could not express it. They gave him the baptismal handicap of "Alcibiades." In order to insure his future greatness, his old man sent him to a little red school house presided over by an old foggy named Socrates.

As Alcibiades became older he became very profligate, due no doubt, to the fact that he played "Ducky on the Rock" on the street corners almost every night. People began to waggle their scandalous tongues about him. One day as he alighted from a trolley on the corner of Main and Homer Streets, he entered the Alpha Pool Room run by Plato. He was immediately hailed on all sides as "Al" which proved that he was a "devil in his own hum town." He constantly chewed tobacco and never said his night prayers.

On a certain election day he hung out a sign in front of the Philosophers' Saloon,

"Free drinks to those who vote for Alcibiades."

He left an order with the bartender to have it charged. Through this dark piece of intrigue he became a member of the Athenian Assembly. Immediately he began to support Prohibition. He was an excellent speaker and a fine hand with the slippery shovel. After considerable spreading everybody seemed to side with him. Those who did not, he persuaded with a short piece of lead pipe which he carried under his tunic. If this failed he treated them to a small glass of "knock out drops." These latter were generally successful. His disposition had reached the height of ruthlessness. His motto was, "Nunquam mens sed ignis a via."

One night after drinking heavily, he went to the Assembly and gave his famous "Ad humum cum liquore." From this time on, this was the hue and cry of all Greece. Every man, woman and child was to be deprived of liquor. Suddenly it dawned upon Alcibiades that this included himself. At a loss of what to do he jumped up on the Bema and cried in a loud voice, "Give me liberty or give me death." Seeing that he was attempting to curb their plans, the pleasure loving and wine detesting Greeks did as he wished and gave him death. In conclusion I shall quote the line of Praxatiles who said the following of Alcibiades:

"And I am told by men of sense
He never has been living since."

F. K.

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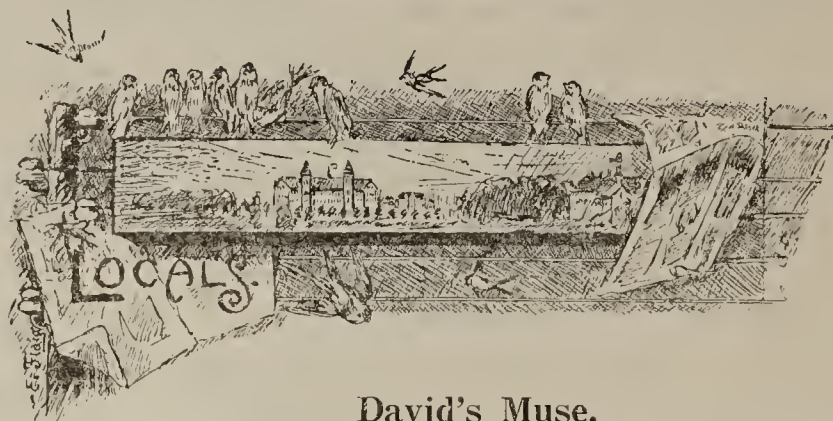
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David's Muse.

I see the onion in yonder tree,
The creampuff gallops o'er the lea.
All nature wakens to the thrills
Of Brother Victor's liver pills;
And as upon thy mug I stare
I see some vegetation there,
And David kept on shaving.

Oh beauteous little chunk of coal,
On luscious curves of jelly roll,
Tears fall from the potatoe's eyes
Mixed with the weeping willow's sighs,
Oh ornate hair upon the moon
Quivering like smear case in June,
And David kept on shaving.

Oh sauerkraut, oh deviled eggs
As delicious as a piano's legs
Oh see the vivid lightning flash,
As many streaks as chunks in hash.
Rainy days will you desist,
My razor grows damp in my fist,
And David kept on shaving.

H. S. '18.

Chats by 'Hep', No. 3.

'When we feel confident that we are doing our duty we should be happy' was the concluding thought of our last chat. What would be more in place than to enlarge upon that idea and speak of the joy of work?

'Give me the man who sings at his work', — a trite saying but excusable because of its suggestiveness. Who has not seen the day-laborer as he toils along, bathed in sweat and grime? Who has not heard his strong, manly voice ring out with snatches of some merry tune, or listened to his whistled air floating out upon the breezes as, at early morn, he goes out to his work? Who has not admired him for it, and felt his own heart grow light under the spell? Work, even the most menial manual labor, is ennobling, and brings to the toiling one no small amount of joy. Though pure mechanical, muscular exertion is employed, — the mind scarcely entering in — yet his spirits are quickened and he is happy. How much more, then, should the student's duties, where the high-

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er faculties, memory and intellect come into play, bring joy to his life and peace of heart? Do they do it? If conscientiously done, without a doubt!

The diligent lad is truly happy, and he alone of all students. The 'slacker' at studies may be ever so boisterous; he may be popular among his fellows for his sagacity at cracking a joke, for his wit, his humor, and his skill in athletics; yet, deep down in his heart is ever present that dull, dissatisfied feeling which comes from neglect of duty.

After these reflections it may seem a paradox to say that happiness is dangerous. But the statement holds firm, and that especially of the joy which comes to one from duties nobly and faithfully done. Bishop von Ketteler says: 'Nothing is harder to stand than a succession of perfectly happy days.' Success brings happiness; hence continued success is dangerous. For we then grow over-confident; we trust that our success will be lasting. Suddenly the bright light is eclipsed and we find ourselves groping fearful in inky darkness. In our self-complacency we were unprepared for the unforeseen difficulty which, phantom-like has leaped up before us. It may be a warning that we were growing careless in our work; it may be only a period of dullness which comes to every one now and then. Whatever it be, it has caught us napping. Being, as it were, in a dream, we think it more formidable than in reality it is. Like Ichabod in 'The Legend of Sleepy Hollow' we perceive a headless horseman confronting us. But if we rub our eyes we will discover that the opposing monster in the impending gloom has a real head on his shoulders and holds in his hands only a pumpkin as a missile to hurl against us. Yes, our troubles are frequently, I dare say, generally more imaginary than real. We should not, then, as Ichabod, wheel about and try to escape; or, as he, we will be de-horsed and go sprawling in the dust while the pumpkin, shattered through contact with our cranium, goes bounding into the ditch. No, instead of fleeing, let us give chase, even though we stumble in the dark. The morning will again break, and with the coming light all our illusions will vanish as in clear air. These litue seasons of depression have a culturing influence. As Foerster says: 'The best preparation for a joyful life is to be found in that strength of character, that love of sacrifice, that habit of self-control which enable us bravely to endure seasons of sadness.'

Mac. — No, I was exposed to it, but it didn't take.
Laux — Did you ever take Greek. McCormack?

A man lay with his mouth wide open, snoring so loud that the windows rattled. His wife nudged him with her elbow and suggested: "William, you would make less noise if you kept your mouth shut." "So'd you," replied William, half awake.

Vaccination.

Among the disagreeable and rather disturbing elements encountered in life, we find that the so-called vaccination, has in college, a distinction all its own. The infusion of bovine blood, to begin with, is somewhat harassing to a man's pride. Poor cow! But we will let that pass, for we trust the end, in this case at least, justifies the means. Not a little excitement prevails prior to and during the operation. The boys line up, as though with bread cards after a flood, sleeves rolled up, collars open and ready for the worst. A few intrepid souls even dare to pull a few feeble jokes, but these lightminded subjects soon hang out the crape, as befits the solemn occasion. Several serious-minded persons have been known to faint under the needle, and most feint.

The real fun, however, commences after a week or twelve days! If ever the troubles of life weigh heavily it is then. Even the most mild-minded, though initiated into the secrets of philosophy, wear a profound, obstruse look. But it will all pass! With the advent of the robin, who by the way shall also be vaccinated this year, things shall begin to brighten, and college life will assume a new aspect; it will be all the more pleasant for the discomntures vaccine, and the several other minor ailments have occasioned!

Judge — You are charged with nonsupport of your wife. What have you to say for yourself?

Rastus — Well jedge, I done got her three more washin's a week than any other cullud lady in the block.

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Baseball.

(Continued from Page three.)

Five out of ten Americans would rather be a Hans Wagner or a Ty Cobb than President Wilson. It is interesting to hear two old time stars discussing the merits of men that made the diamond shine forty or fifty years ago. We think that our good old game never had a beginning and there are those who claim that it originated from a game which the American Indians used to play. I don't know what facts they have to substantiate this claim, but to every American it's the "good old game."

Do you know that the robin is not the herald of Spring, but that it is a sphere covered with horsehide flying through the air that the little green eyes of the twigs see, and know it's time to wave their banners in greeting to the president — he's too democratic to be called king of sports? Watch and see.

J. H.

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